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THE INTEMPERATE:

A THRILLING STORY OF THE WEST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"COME along," said James Harwood to his wife, who burdened with two children, followed in his steps. Her heart was full, and she made no reply.

"Well, be sullen if you choose, but make haste you shall, or I will leave you behind in the woods."

Then, as if vexed because his ill humor failed to irritate its object, he added in a higher tone—

"Put down that boy. Have not I told you, twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry! He can walk as well as I can."

"He is sick," said the mother; "feel how his head throbs. Pray take him in your arms."

"I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness. He is no more sick than I am. You are only trying to make him lazy. Get down, I tell you, and walk," addressing the languid boy.

He would have proceeded to enforce obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, and the weary mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant New England village, from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one, whose unkindness now strewed her path with thorns. By con-

stant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of their infant in his evening sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labors of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted debts to accumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him, and redoubled her exertions to render his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The death of his beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow or in sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They became miserably poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress, a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove further westward, and offering them the use of a tenement which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the sal-

vation of her husband. She believed that if he were divined from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes, from which she would once have shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet, when all their few effects were converted into the wagon and horse which were to convey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessities which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brothers and sisters, with their household; when she shook hands with the friends whom she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, such a foreboding of evil, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them, were gradually abstracted and sold. The object of this traffic could not be doubted. Its effects were but too visible in his conduct. She reasoned—she endeavored to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result.—When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. He felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect, as that of a capricious and alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, as the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for its own support. Jane wept as she looked upon the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

“What shall I do with the brute,” exclaimed

ed his master; “he has died in such an out-of-the-way place, that I cannot even find any one to buy his skin.”

Under the shelter of their miserably broken wagon, they passed another night, and early in the morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained. But James had about his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of using. At every application of it to his lips, his temper seemed to acquire new violence. They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise.—But his mind became so bewildered, and his heart so perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter route.—This increased and prolonged their fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. Indeed, so exasperated was he at her expostulations, that she sought safety in silence. The little boy of four years old, whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable to walk, clung to her shoulders.—Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on: for the strength that nerves a mother’s frame, toiling for her sick child, is from God. She even endeavored to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell far behind, her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road during the day, though approaching the small settlement where they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the feeble child. But he turned away his head, and with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathise in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham,

who laid her famishing son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying, 'Let me not see the death of my child.' But the Christian mother was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to Him who is the refuge of the forsaken, and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing towards the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard, issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun, and some birds at his girdle.

"Wife, will you get up now, and come along? We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next door neighbor."

Jane received his hearty welcome with a thankful spirit, and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbor took the sick boy in his arms, saying,

"Harwood, take the baby from your wife; we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio."

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But, accustomed to his neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying, in the maternal bosom.

"You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way in every thing."

"You have come to a newly settled country friends," said Williams; "but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are raised such as you never saw in New England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you, though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like well to talk with you about old times and old friends down east. But why don't you help your wife over the fence with her baby?"

"So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. I always say, let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fit is over."

"Here we live," said their guide, "a hard-

working, contented people. That is your house which has no smoke curling up from the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old States, but it is about as good as any in the neighborhood.—I'll go and call my wife to welcome you; right glad will she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New England."

The inside of a log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents but a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and doors loosely hung upon their leathern hinges. The exhausted woman entered, and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her. In a corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame, resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad, kind voices of her own sex, recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons, and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles. The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested, put to shame the ceremonious and heartless profession which in a more artificial state of society are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fire-place; several chairs and a bench for the children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers, were heaped upon the board. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten, and the infant, after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one the neighbours departed, that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good-night, lingered a moment ere he closed the door, and said—

"Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow feeding at your door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better."

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector in a flood of joyful tears.

Kindness to, which she had recently been a stranger, fell as balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

"Husband," she exclaimed, in the fullness of her heart, "we may yet be happy."

He answered not, and she perceived that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been strangers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits, in this small and isolated community, promised to be the means of establishing their peace. The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, while her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence the reputation he forfeited in the old, laboured diligently to assist his neighbours in the ingathering of their harvest, receiving in payment such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing; and the hope she permitted herself to indulge of his permanent reformation, imparted unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanor. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his mother's smiles; for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of influence, she endeavoured to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in Heaven, and His will respecting little children. She pointed out his goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun as it came forth rejoicing in the east, in the gently-falling rain, the frail plant, and the dews that nourish it. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm, and the lofty thunder, because

they came from God. She repeated to him passages of Scripture, with which her memory was stored, and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And it seemed as if a voice from heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep-rooted piety; because, like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household partook, for a time, the blessings of tranquility and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp, and to slumber; but the victim who has long worn its chain, if he would utterly escape, and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence.—This James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of an habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against this physical inconvenience. He determined, at all hazards, to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and with the pretext of making some arrangements about the wagon, which had been left broken on the road, departed from his house. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, and at his return, his sin was written on his brow, in characters too strong to be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day did his shrinking household witness the alternations of causeless anger and brutal tyranny. To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her as sins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater care have borne the cross. But her youth was nurtured in tenderness, and ed-

ucation had refined her susceptibilities, both of pleasure and pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him worthy of her affections.—Still, this hope, deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above. That tender invitation by the mouth of a prophet, was as balm to her wounded soul,—‘as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God.’

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he asserted, that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness. She has woven the tendrils of her soul around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was one modification of her husband's

persecutions which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart-strings. What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles. The wasted and wild-eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footsteps, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

“I mean to harden him,” said he. “All the neighbors know that you make such a fool of him that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother.”

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man and his fear of God.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

FORTUNE.

USE worthily all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave, as unlawful, these wings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the Chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victo-

ry, a rise of rents, the recovery of sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits, and you think that good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it—it can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring peace but the triumph of principle.—Emerson.

THE CHILD'S DREAM IN SUMMER.*

A PRIZE POEM.

BY MISS CATHERINE W. BARBER—OF ALABAMA.

It was a lovely Summer morn ;— the sweet wild flowers stood,
 With dew-drop jewels,— the whole a glorious sisterhood —
 Beneath a sky of softest blue, where clouds with radiant fold
 Were floating on, like living things, in purple and in gold ;
 And ever and anon the breeze sprung up, as it would tell
 Its tale of love unto the buds within the forest dell,
 And the joyous birds an anthem gave unto the fragrant air,
 As sweet as childhood's lisping voice, when first it kneels in prayer.

Beneath a tree, a rosy boy was dreaming through the hours,
 With upturned face—his soft white hands half-filled with budding flow'rs ;
 His eye was blue, as if it caught its color from above,
 And round his moving lips there play'd a smile of peace and love :
 What visions came unto the child, beneath that old oak tree ?
 Perchance he only lay to list the humming of the bee —
 The murmuring of the silv'ry brook — the herdsman's distant bell —
 Or ploughboy whistling to his team within the cultured dell.

He heard them not — he saw it not, the beauty of the morn :—
 There came to him sweet visitants, with angel face and form ;—
 From out the radiant clouds above peeped cherub faces, bright ;—
 Each fleecy fold a cradle seemed, where lay a child of light ;
 And music, too, came floating down upon his raptured ear —
 Such tones as only they — the good — the innocent — may hear —
 The loved of Heaven, upon whose hearts sin hath not left a stain —
 The young in years, within whose soul dark passions may not reign.

One face — one baby sister's face — he saw amid that throng ;
 The same o'er which his mother oft had sung her vesper song ;—
 'T was smiling now, — all bright with bliss, — all gay with life and light, —
 Not pallid, as last he saw it, 'neath Death's frigid blight ;—
 She downward stretched her tiny arms from out the azure cloud,
 And seemed to beckon him away to join that glittering crowd ;—
 He saw her wings, — he heard her voice, — he upward threw his arms,
 As he would clasp her to his breast, with all her angel charms.

Another face ! — it was his sire's — upon whose low, damp grave
 The blossoms of three sorrowing years had upward sprung to wave —
 He seemed to look with loving eyes upon his blooming boy,
 As if a sainted heart might throb with all a parent's joy !

* * * * *

Oh ! is it thus ? do not the good — Heaven's sainted — often fear
 For those they, loving, left 'mid dark temptations here ?

* Corrected from the "Madison (Georgia) Family Visitor." It was villainous to have so good a poem wickedly murdered. In making these corrections we hope we have done a service to a talented and accomplished young countrywoman.

Face after face came flitting by that youthful slumberer's sight,
 All flushed with life — all gay with hope — all happy, pure and bright:—
 He gazed till Earth's scenes seemed lost upon his wand'ring mind,
 And quite forgot how deep in clay his youthful soul was shrined:
 He longed for angel pinions then to cleave the ambient air—
 To join the happy throng who live fore'er on praise and prayer:
 —It might not be—he woke again to outward life—to earth,
 And, with a slow and sorrowing step, he sought his native hearth.

"Oh, mother! mother!"—thus he spoke, as lowly at her feet
 He sunk with upturned face, o'er which a radiance sweet
 Was lingering still—"I cannot tell what visions came to me
 As on the flowery banks I lay, beneath the old oak tree.
 Bright faces, mother, peeped at me from every golden fold
 Of the bright clouds that o'er my head like living creatures rolled,
 And music, mother, came to me, too sweet for earth to hear—
 Methought each harp-string's burthen was, 'Come hither! hither, dear!'"

"Oh, mother dear, I cannot live where Sin and Sorrow dwell;
 I would away where golden harps God's glorious anthems swell;
 I, too, with radiant wing would sweep through airy realms afar,
 Or upward spring and seek to know the mysteries of each star:
 Here tears will dim the brightest eye, and thorns e'er dwell 'mid flowers,
 But care, nor sin, nor aching hearts are found amid God's bowers;
 I would away, oh! mother dear—that blessed dream of mine
 Has stolen brightness from Earth's scenes, and fragrance from her shrine."

The mother gazed upon her boy—her eye at first was wild;—
 She knew that spirit visitants had hovered o'er her child;
 She felt those voices in the air would call her child away
 Before upon his fair young brow the locks of manhood lay;
 But meeker—meeker grew the light within her loving eye
 As, day by day, her cherished one seemed fading for the sky;
 She felt that earth was full of woe—that God had places fair
 In which her beauteous bud might bloom, unstained by time or care

Death came at last—the ruddy lip was stiffened by his hand:
 The soft blue eye grew glazed and dull:—he sought the "better land."
 —They made his mound beneath the tree where once he dreaming lay.
 When those bright visitants from heaven came flitting o'er his way;
 And there, they said, the purple clouds were seen at eve and morn,
 And there, when radiant Summer came, the brightest flowers were born;
 And thither, too, a mourner meek was often seen to glide—
 The grave beneath—nay, HEAVEN above—had won her boy—her pride.

A LITERARY BREAKFAST.

As lately a sage on a fine ham was repasting, (tho' for breakfast too savory, I ween,)
 He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat silent and fasting, "What a breakfast of *learning*
 is mine!"

"A breakfast of *learning*!" he cried—and laughed, for he thought him mistaken;
 "Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly replied, "when I'm making *large extracts*
 from *Bacon*!"

THE SCIENCES, ARTS AND MECHANICS OF THE ANCIENTS.

BY CHARLES L. WHELER.

THE records of antiquity which have been transmitted to us through the "interminable flood of ages,"—the records writ on the Pyramids,—the remains of the "seven hilled city,"—the uncovered Pompeii and Herculaneum,—and many other indications of power and wealth,—are well calculated to wing the imagination back to an age of luxury and magnificence for which there is no comparison since the Christian era, and to suggest the question to every reflecting mind, "Is the present equal to the Augustan age in the Sciences, Arts and Literature?" To raise the curtain of the past, and look back with the keen, searching gaze of the antiquary, we repeat, is well calculated to suggest this question. We propose, in the following paper, to take a brief retrospective view of the Sciences, Arts and Mechanics of the ancients,—including that people who were the ancients to the ancients, the Egyptians,—and occasionally institute a comparison between them and the moderns.

In Literature, we are far more advanced than the ancients; but our whole advancement therein has been achieved since the art of printing with moveable types was invented. Before that invention, we cannot claim to have added much to the Literature of the ancients. In the Fine Arts, in the Sciences, and in Mechanics, it may be questioned whether our assumed excellence so greatly transcends theirs. We are more learned in Astronomy than Hipparchus or Ptolemy, but we had probably never made a progress equal to theirs without the aid of telescopes. The philosophers of modern times have only remodelled or slightly advanced upon the philosophy of the ancients. Bacon, Newton, Galileo, Descartes, Leibnitz, and others, have been generous enough to award praise to the ancients, and to acknowledge their indebtedness to such writers as Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Plutarch, Democritus, etc. But whenever we for a moment institute a comparison between the ancients and moderns, we ought not to forget that they went before, and that we profit by their knowledge and experi-

ence. What they achieved was done by the *direct force of talent and genius*; what we achieve is done by their experience and the chance-tools thrown in our way.

The modern astronomer raises his glass to the heavens, and tells us that the galaxy is caused by the assemblage of myriads of fixed stars, beyond the reach of the most powerful glass, even; but Democritus knew and taught the same. Our ideas of the fixed stars are those of the ancients, long rejected, but readopted within the last century or two. The opinion now received, that those stars are suns like ours, each with a planetary system, is borrowed from the ancients. This was the doctrine taught by Greek astronomers. Sir Isaac Newton has always been honored as the discoverer of the theory of colors which he taught; but Pythagoras taught—and his disciples after him—that "they resulted solely from the different modifications of reflected light." Plato understood the same principle also. The theory of the propagation of light was taught by Philoponus, Aristotle, and other contemporary philosophers, and the discoveries attributed to Descartes and Cassini are borrowed from them. The Copernican system, which is now generally received as correct, was understood by Pythagoras, who is said to have learned it among the Egyptians, they representing the sun emblematically by a beetle, because that insect keeps itself six months under ground and six months above. Aristarchus, (of Samos,) a philosopher who lived about three hundred years before Christ, maintained the doctrine of the earth's motion. Archimedes, speaking of him, says:—"Aristarchus, writing against some of the philosophers of his time, placed the sun immoveable in the centre of an orbit, described by the earth in its circuit." Plato, in his latter years, was a convert to this doctrine. Cicero mentions that Heraclides of Pontus also taught it. There is no doubt that it was the doctrine very generally received at that time. Our ideas of *Æther* are not essentially different from those advanced by Aristot-

tle, when he said it is a "fifth element, pure and unalterable, of an active and vital nature, but entirely different from air or fire." Pythagoras and Anaxagoras both held the same opinion.—It is deemed that Hippocrates was well aware of the circulation of the blood, from his declaration respecting rivers, namely:—"That they return to their sources, like the circulation of the blood." And again he says:—"When the bile enters into the blood, it breaks its consistence, and disorders its regular course." Dr. Harvey's claim to be the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood is a debatable one. Michael Servetus the victim of Calvin, without a doubt understood the principle of the circulation of the blood. Many writers have assumed that the reason why the ancients speak no more definitely upon the subject is, that it was a matter so notorious that it was not deemed strange or worthy of notice.

There can be no doubt that the Egyptians were well versed in the science of chemistry. Tubal Cain must have been a very excellent chemist to have been able to separate, refine and compound metals. The Scriptures inform us that Moses broke the "golden calf" set up by Aaron as an idol, made a powder of it, and mixed it with water and gave it to the people to drink; in a word, made it *potable*. This operation was deemed impossible until within a comparatively late period. Frederick III., king of Denmark, had a curiosity to test the matter, and employed the most able chemists to make the experiment. After several attempts they accomplished their object, but in the manner of Moses, namely:—by pounding fragments of the metal in a mortar filled with water. Cleopatra was an adept in the science of chemistry. Her experiment of dissolving a pearl of great value, to amuse Mark Antony, is well known. The worth of this pearl has been estimated at about £45,000 sterling. The historian says it was done in "vinegar," but it was a more subtle fluid than that, or, at least, he does not mention some lesser though important ingredient. But the most dreadful result of their chemical knowledge was the preparation of secret poisons—preparations so subtle in their nature as to defy the knowledge of man to detect them. These were known among

the Greeks and Romans, and also among the people of Southern Europe. There is no calculating the amount of knowledge lost with the Egyptians. Their arts of coloring purple or amethyst-color, of embalming the dead, of printing on linen, of imitating precious stones, etc., are lost to us forever unless re-discovered.

We have never excelled the ancients in the art of statuary or sculpture. Among the enduring monuments of their skill in this noble art are their Niobe, Laocoon, Apollo Belvidere, Hercules stifling Anteus, the Dying Gladiator, the Venus de Medicis, etc. Bagistan, a mountain of stone lying between Babylon and Media was modelled into a huge statue of Queen Semiramis, by her order, the which was more than half a French league high. Around it were also cut one hundred statues which had been indeed huge themselves in the absence of the Queen Statue. The Colosseus of Rhodes was the most wonderful bronze statue ever known. Their carving upon precious stones, their medals, were in the highest perfection of art.

Very few specimens of the painter's art have been transmitted to us. Those, however, found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, together with those in the college of St. Ignatus and in the Albani collection, warrant us in the opinion that the ancient masters merited all the praise that was awarded to them by their cotemporaries. The Egyptians had the art of coloring in a manner so perfect as to withstand the action of any degree of atmosphere for any length of time. The Greeks and Romans had the same art in a very considerable degree of perfection, but it is unknown to the moderns.

What proofs of mechanical skill, power and perseverance are found even in the "time-mocking Pyramids of Egypt!" Is there a triumph of modern mechanics equal to them?—Archimedes erected machines for the defence of Syracuse which were capable of throwing stones large enough to crush a whole phalanx of Roman soldiers. He had machines also, with iron grapples, which caught the ships of the enemy that came near the walls, and, raising them high in the air, either shook them in pieces or sunk them. The immense machines

of war used by the ancients have been the wonder of all ages. Some of their movable towers for the attacking of walled cities, were one hundred and fifty-two feet high and sixty in compass, having battering rams in their basements of sufficient strength to beat down the strongest wall; while higher up, were draw-bridges to let down upon the walls of the city besieged, over which the assailants passed, while still higher up, bodies of warriors used the javelin in security.—When Julius Cæsar attacked Alexandria, the engineer entrusted with the defence of the city made machines which drew immense quantities of water from the sea and hurled it upon the assailants to their great discomfiture. Babylon was fifteen leagues in circumference, and surrounded by walls two hundred feet high and fifty in width. How miserably does the most magnificent city of modern times compare with Babylon. The sides of these walls were adorned with hanging gardens, one rising above another to the very top, which were watered by immense machines, the water being raised to the summit of the walls from the Euphrates. The tower of Belus which rose from the temple in the midst of the city was exceedingly lofty—indeed no author has dared assert its altitude.—The front of one single ruined temple or palace at Persepolis is six hundred paces long.—Ecbatane, the capital of Media, was a city beyond parallel the most magnificent and splendid the world has ever known. It was about eight leagues in circumference, surrounded with seven amphitheatrical walls of several colors, each covered with silver or gold!—Lake Mœris—an artificial lake—was one hundred and fifty leagues in circuit. It was made to receive the waters of the Nile at its periodical rise, and to water Egypt during the summer by means, of canals leading from it in different directions. In the midst of this inland sea rose two Pyramids, each six hundred feet high. The means by which the immense stones that compose the cone of these Pyramids were raised to so great a height, is still a mystery to the moderns.—The Roman bridge at Gard shows the greatness of their ability and power in this single respect.

To descend from the grand to the curious,

we find that the ancients were equally "great in little things." The cement used by the Romans was equally lasting with marble or stone.—Archytus (cotemporary with Plato) constructed a pigeon capable of flying. An ivory chariot, so small that a fly could cover it with its wing—an ivory ship equally small—ivory ants and other little insects, are among the triumphs of their perseverance in small things. Their Mosaic paving was beyond all question most magnificent. A beautiful specimen of this Mosaic was found among the ruins of Adrian's villa at Tivoli, representing a basin of water, with four pigeons standing upon the rim;—one of them is drinking, and its shadow is correctly represented in the water. Pliny alludes to this Mosaic very often. In many of the houses at Pompeii a dog was represented in the Mosaic floors of the hall, with the inscription "Beware of the dog." These were so life-like often as to cause the intruder to start back with fear. It is certain that the ancients had some instrument to aid the sight, but whether on the principle of the microscope is unknown. Plutarch speaks of an instrument used by Archimedes to manifest the largeness of the planets; and another author speaks of the experiments of Pythagoras to invent an instrument to magnify small objects, wherein he used glasses.

We can hardly be abused by our imagination when we dream of the splendors of the "good old world away in the ancient time." Egypt, when she had reached the pinnacle of fame by conquest, intelligence and industry, was indeed worthy to be the queen of the world. But the palm of her glory dimmed and finally sunk before the brighter glories of kingly Greece. And Greece dimmed before the Roman Eagle. She in turn had robbed the nations of the earth of their several and various refinements. The spoils of centuries encircled her temples and palaces, and she set herself upon her seven hills and glorified herself as a queen. But time hath told the tale of her humiliation and of her desolation.

"Antiquity! thou dark sublime!

Though Mystery wakes thy song,

Thou deathless child of hoary Time,

Thy name shall linger long!"

Written for the Mistletoe.

'TIS THE VOICE OF FRAIL WOMAN.

BY EDWIN HERIOT.

'Tis the voice of frail woman
 Left weeping alone,
 All her gay young companions
 Departed and gone.
 No friends of her childhood,
 No loved ones are nigh,
 To soothe all her sorrows,
 Or give sigh for sigh.
 Thou art left here, thou lone one
 To pine and decay,
 While he who should guard thee
 Is far, far away.

Charleston, S. C.

In the revel of midnight
 Forgetting that home.
 Whence the snares of temptation
 Had caused him to roam.
 Life's pleasures are over
 When friendship's decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away,
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And false ones have flown,
 Oh ! who could inhabit
 This bleak world alone.

MAN.

THE Human Mind, that lofty thing,
 The palace and the throne,
 Where reason sits a sceptred king,
 And breathes in judgment tone ;
 Oh ! who with silent steps shall trace,
 The borders of that haunted place,
 Nor in his weakness own
 That mystery and marvel bind
 That lofty thing the Human Mind !
 The Human Heart, that restless thing,
 The temper and the tried,
 The joyous, yet the suffering,
 The source of pain and pride ;
 The gorgeous, thronged, the desolate,
 The seat of Love, and Lair of Hate,
 Self-strung, and self-defied,
 Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
 Thou restless thing the Human Heart !

The Human Soul, that startling thing,
 Mysterious and sublime,
 The angel sleeping on the wing,
 Worn by the scoffs of time ;
 The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
 The earth enthral'd, the glory crowned,
 The smitten in its prime,
 From heaven in tears to earth it stole,
 That startling thing, the Human Soul !
 And this is man ! Oh ask of him
 The erring, but forgiven,
 While o'er his vision drear and dim
 The wrecks of time are driven,
 If pride or passion in their power,
 Can stem the tide, or turn the hour,
 Or stand in place of Heaven !
 He bends the brow, he bows the knee :
 Creator, Father, none but THEE !

THE DOOM OF THE DRINKER: OR THE INFURIATED TIGER.

"Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute
 —————wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow."
 "Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies."

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

UPON one evening, a party of collegians and young bloods of the town had met together at my room to play and carouse. In fact, it was a regular meeting of the Sud hunters, who assembled twice in every week. We kept it up jollily until midnight, having in that time managed to get full of Bacchus, when Somers proposed that we should sally forth and astonish the town by some well-planned and well-directed piece of mischief. Without any one of us having a very clear conception of our actions or intentions, we hailed the proposition with drunken rapture and started forth.

A traveling menagerie had arrived in the town the day before, and among the wonders it contained was a young bear. The poor animal had been so well beaten, that he became very humble, and acquired a number of amusing tricks. Of this we were all aware, having visited the menagerie the day before. Just as we passed the spot where the animals were confined, it occurred to me what rare sport it would be to capture young Bruin, and place him in the chemical lecture room, to astonish, on the next day, the professors and the class.

No sooner had I made a proposition to this effect, than it was adopted, and all volunteered their assistance in carrying it into execution. The tent or pavilion which covered the beasts, was erected in the great yard of the principal tavern. The cages each containing one or more animals, were iron grated boxes, standing on wheels, by means of which they had been dragged into the town. These were rang-

ed around the interior of the tent, forming a circular array of wood and iron. Not imagining that any one would disturb the animals, the showmen and keepers had retired to rest along with the inmates of the tavern, leaving the tents entirely unwatched. Thus we were afforded a clear field in which to execute our scheme. After several of our number had been posted as sentinels, the rest crept in under the canvass, and entered the arena. It was some time before we could, in the deep darkness of the place, identify the cage in which our friend Bruin had been placed to sleep.—After stumbling over divers things which lay scattered about, and peering here and there in the dark, we found the object of our search.—There in a substantial cage, was the dim outline of the animal, his two white eyes flashing drops of fire at being aroused from his quiet slumber.

The next difficulty that occurred to us was the mode of conveying him to the college, which was several hundred yards distant.—Some of the revellers proposed that we should throw a halter around his neck and so drag him along. We rejected this, not for any personal fear, since we had arrived at that point which makes one oblivious of danger, but lest we should be seen by some late straggler, and have our fun spoiled. A better plan was, after much scheming, devised, and one which met with universal acquiescence.

In the tavern-yard stood a water hogshead, with a sliding lid fastened by means of hasp

and staple. We had only to roll this in, slide down the box from the wheels, open the door immediately in front of the hogshhead, and drive the animal in. We could then push down the lid of the cask, secure it by means of a rope passed through the staples, and roll our prisoner and prison-house to the college.

No sooner was this suggested than we hastened to put it into execution. The cage, with our united efforts, was slid quietly down from the wheels—Bruin growling all the time with anger—the hogshhead was rolled in and placed open end in front of the cage and the animal stirred up with our canes. With a terrific yell he rushed in, and we closed the lid suddenly down upon him, fastening it at the same time in a secure manner. The yell of the bear had roused the other animals, and our ears were regaled for the next ten minutes with a variety of hideous sounds, that wakened fearfully the sleeping echoes of the night. The animal in the hogshhead growled, and his voice came like distant thunder, so deadened was it by the wood in which he lay. His fellows had no incumbrance to their voices and they howled as clearly as though they had been in their native forests.

Fearful of being discovered we remained quiet for a time, holding our breaths in suspense. But no one disturbed, or thought of disturbing us. The animals often started a chorus of strange noises during the night, and the keepers thinking nothing unusual to be the matter, merely cursed the unruly beasts for destroying the unity of their rest, and turning back, went to sleep again.

As soon as quiet was restored, we slit a hole in the canvass, for we were afraid to emerge by the aperture which faced the tavern, rolled our hogshhead through the yard to the back gate, which unfastened and then passing into the road, started at a quick rate for our spot of destination. Over and over went the hogshhead, the animal within growling at the rough treatment he experienced, we nearly convulsed with laughter at the uncouthness of the noise which he made.

At length we reached the back part of the college, when one of our party climbed over the wall and unfastened the gate. We rolled

in our prize to the back door of the laboratory, which was the place where our professor of chemistry lectured. We found that in consequence of the narrowness of the door, the hogshhead would not enter. Such being the case, we were about to start the animal through the open door, when an idea more redolent of fun struck the fancy of Somers. Back of the lecture room was a small apartment containing odds and ends, and which was not visited, perhaps, once a month. He said rightly, that if we placed Bruin in this apartment, he would not likely be discovered until some time during the lecture of the chemical professor, when the noise he would be apt to make attracting attention, the plot would readily be brought to a crisis. We joined our strength, and, upon our shoulders, up went the hogshhead, until it was placed on a level with the window. A light young fellow, the smallest of the party, climbed up, hoisted the window, and slid up the lid of the cask. We shook the hogshhead violently, but at first to no purpose. The animal was thoroughly frightened, and lay still, or with only an occasional growl. We shook it again, and he started. There was but one possible mode of progression, which was straight forward—and the brute gave a spring through the window. There was a crash of glass, a howl, and the terrified animal, crouching in the corner, remained silent. Our little companion closed the sash and leaped down.—We rolled the hogshhead up into a corner of the yard, and, returning to our rooms, continued our revelry till near day-light.

It was about noon when I awoke. I hurried on my clothes, passed a wet towel round my head, swallowed some soda water, and afterwards a cup of coffee, and then hastened to the college. It was the hour of the professor of chemistry, and I entered the room just as he had commenced to descant upon the subject. The class were all wrapt in attention—for the lecturer was an able man, and was treating upon "Light," a matter of interest, and capable of beautiful illustration. He had scarcely finished his short and eloquent exordium, before we heard a crash of bottles and a low, startling growl in the next room. The professor started, and stopped a moment, while

those of the class not in the secret, looked at each other in astonishment. There was a pause of a few seconds' duration—and then the professor proceeded.

I began to feel alarmed. I remembered what had been done the night before. Under ordinary circumstances, there was no danger to be apprehended. The bear was tame enough, and had been whipped until he had imbibed a proper sense of the superiority of man. But from the sounds, I judged that Bruin had worked himself into the room, only separated from us by a thin partition full of windows, in which were kept the various drugs used in illustrating experiments. There were a great many earboys and bottles of acid in that room.—Should he upset any of these, and their contents touch his skin, he would be apt to break through the windows of the apartment, and do some mischief before we could secure him. By the looks of my companions, I saw they entertained the same fears.

There was another crash and growl. The professor stopped again, and the class looked around in dismay. Those who were acquainted with the cause of the noise, could scarcely keep their countenances. In spite of the alarm under which they labored, there was something so ludicrous in the growl, especially when we figured to ourselves the coming consternation of the class, that they could hardly refrain from laughing outright. The professor who could not exactly tell from whence the sound proceeded, and thought it a trick of the class, reproved them severely, and then continued his lecture. "Gentlemen," said he, preparing for a brilliant experiment, "I will show you a most startling effect."

And he did. Hark! there was a sudden crash, as if every bottle in the place had been destroyed at once—a smoke rose up—there was a terrific howl, that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill—and, through that frail glass—Father of Truth! we had mistaken the cage—there leaped forth, infuriated with the burning liquid, which streamed over him—horror!—an untamed royal tiger.

No words can describe the consternation of the class. Not one stirred. Petrified by horror—motionless—breathless—there we sat.—

Not a muscle quivered, so rigid were we with our intense fear. It was our preservation.—Maddened with the pain, the animal rushed on with terrific bounds, and meeting with no obstacle passed down the stairs into the great hall. There, as he leaped and rolled, and howled in his agony, the eldest daughter of our janitor, coming with a message, unwittingly entered. She screamed and fell. The tiger, frantic with the acid, which was eating to his very flesh, heeded her not. On he passed, and the girl lived. Better had she died, for never more shone the light of reason on her vacant eyes. From that day forth, she was a gibbering, incurable idiot.

On passed the tiger—on! on! on!—through the streets, with the populace flying to every side for shelter—past his old prison, where the keepers stood wondering at his escape—on he went, bound after bound, howling, screaming with agony. On he went, while behind, before, and around, rose up the mingled cry of men, women and children—"The tiger! the tiger!"

At the extremity of the main street, a traveller was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise behind him, and, casting his eyes around, saw the cause. He spurred his horse, who started snorting with terror, for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well his master. It was in vain. The tiger noted not the man. He saw only the terrified steed. One leap—the distance was just saved—and he struck his claws into the hind quarters of the horse, who, unmindful of this double burthen, rushed on, bearing the fearful load as though it were a feather's weight. The man received no hurt. With the presence of mind and coolness most determined—for it resulted from despair—he drew his bowie-knife from his bosom, and, with a firm stroke, buried it to the hilt in the neck of the tiger. The spinal marrow of the royal brute was severed, and he died on the instant. But he did not release his hold. Still, with the death grip, he clung to his place, his eyes glassed and glaring, and his claws sunk deep into the flesh. On went the horse, snorting, plunging, and rearing in mingled pain and terror—on he went, until exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell prostrate. Those who came that way an hour

after, cautiously and timidly, saw the three stretched together. They watched awhile and found they did not move. They stole up—to the horse and tiger were dead, and over their

lifeless forms was the traveler, insensible, though alive, and still grasping in his hand the friendly knife.

Mount Vernon.

THE REVELLERS.

Loud sounds of mirth and joyousness,
Broke forth in the lighted hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And many a merry call;
And the glass was freely passed around,
And the nectar freely quaffed;
And many a heart felt light with glee
And the joy of the thrilling draught.

A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And a glass was flourished on high:
"I drink to Life," said a son of earth,
"And I do not fear to die;
I have no fear—I have no fear—
Talk not of the vagrant, Death,
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

"Cheer, comrades, cheer! We drink to Life,
And we do not fear to die!"
Just then a rustling sound was heard,
As of spirits sweeping by;
And presently the latch flew up,
And the door flew open wide;
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride.

He spoke: "I join your revelry,
Bold sons of the Bacchan rite;
And I drink the toast you have drank before—
The pledge of yon dauntless knight,
Fill high—fill high—we drink to Life,
And we scorn the reaper, Death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

"He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
And he bears a martial brow;
O, he'll pass the gates of Paradise,
To the regions of bliss—below!"
This was too much for the Bacchanal,
Fire flashed from his angry eye;
A muttered curse and a vengeful oath—
"Intruder, thou shalt die!"

He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off,
And a phantom form stood there—
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
With rotten and mildewed hair,
And they struggled awhile, till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—DEATH.

To-morrow, those that are now gay may be
sad—those now walking the avenue of pleasure
may be the subjects of sorrow—those on the

mountain summit may be in the valley—that
rosy cheek may have the lily's hue—the strong
may falter—death may have come.

Written for the Mistletoe.

TO TEMPERANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. FLEMING.

A CAPTIVE slave in dungeon-night
 I lay till I was found by thee;
 Thy smile first blest my soul with light—
 Thy voice first warbled *liberty!*

Life was not life, 'till thou did'st give
 Release from all the chains I wore,
 And taught me then in hope to live,
 Whose only hope was death before.
Athens, Geo.

Like weary wanderer, suffering thirst,
 O'er barren land or burning waste,
 Unconscious, near the fountain-burst,
 Whose waters he would die to taste—

I passed thee long unheeded by,
 Nor knew 'till late 'twas only thee
 Could life for lingering death supply,
 And set the spell-bound drunkard free!

Written for the Mistletoe.

THE MONTH IN PROSPECT.

FEBRUARY.

BY THOMAS A. BURKE.

THIS is the shortest month of the year. It derives its present name 'from the old Roman custom of burning expiatory sacrifices, *Februalia*.' It was termed by the Saxons, *Solmonath*, or pancake-month, because cakes were offered to the sun. Among the Ancients it was the last month, their year commencing with March.

It is generally damp and disagreeable. Wm. Howitt, in his Book of the Seasons, gives the following graphic description of an English February:

"There is a lack of comfort felt everywhere. In real winter weather, the clear frosty air sharply saluted the face by day, and revealed to the eye at night a scene of pure and sublime splendor in the lofty and intensely blue sky, glittering with congregated stars, or irradiated with the placid moon. There was a sense

of vigor, of elasticity, of freshness about you, which made it welcome: but now, most commonly, by day or by night, the sky is hidden in impenetrable vapor; the earth is sodden and splashy with wet; and even the very fireside does not escape the comfortless sense of humidity. Every thing presents to the eye, accustomed so long to the brightness of clear frosts, and the pure whiteness of snow, a dingy and soiled aspect. All things are dripping with wet: it hangs upon the walls like heavy dew; it penetrates into the drawers and wardrobes of your warmest chambers; and you are surprised at the unusual dampness of your clothes, linen, books, and papers; and, in short, almost every thing you have occasion to examine. Brick and stone floors are now dangerous things for delicate and thinly-shod people to stand upon. To this source, and in fact to the

damps of this month operating in various ways, may be attributed not a few of the colds, coughs, and consumptions so prevalent in England.— Pavements are frequently so much elevated by the expansion of the moisture beneath, as to obstruct the opening and shutting of doors and gates, and your gravel-walks resemble saturated sponges. Abroad the streets are flooded with muddy water, and slippery with patches of half-thawed ice and snow, which strike through your shoes in a moment. The houses, and all objects whatever, have a dirty and disconsolate aspect; and clouds of dim and smoky haze hover over the whole dispiriting scene. In the country the prospect is not much better; the roads are full of mire. Instead of the enchantments of hoar-frost, you have naked hedges, fallow and decaying weeds beneath them, brown and wet pastures, and sheets of ice, but recently affording so much fine exercise to skaters and sliders, half submersed in water, full of great cracks, scattered with straws and dirty patches, and stones half liberated by the thaw—such are the miserable features of the time."

The nights are much shorter now than they were last month, yet they are sufficiently long for reading and study, and much valuable information can be gained from good books while sitting by the fire, though every thing is damp and disagreeable without. There is no pleasanter or more profitable way of spending evenings than in holding

"High converse with the mighty dead."

Many young men spend their evenings around the drinking board or the gaming table, thus bringing upon themselves premature age, and forming habits of vice and dissipation, the evil

effects of which are felt as long as life lasts.— It would be a waste of time for us to go into an argument to prove that the habitual use of ardent spirits has a murderous effect upon the constitution. It is a conclusion which forces itself on every rational mind. Nor is it less true, that thousands of young men of talent have been ruined by the vice of gaming. Yet how many youths, with these facts staring them in the face, follow in this path to ruin.

The twenty-second of this month is celebrated as the birth-day of the great and good WASHINGTON, the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." No wonder the American people honor the name of George Washington, for he was a pattern to the world. He was *never* known to be guilty of a dishonorable action—he was addicted to *no* vice, and was a true friend of virtue. How characteristic of the man is the following anecdote. He was one day dining with a party of gentlemen. In the course of conversation, one of them used an oath. Washington rose from the table and exclaimed, "My friends, I thought we were all gentlemen."

The fourteenth of February is known as "St. Valentine's Day." In England and the Northern States, it is more celebrated than at the South. It is a day of great enjoyment, and thousands of Valentines, of every character, *comic, grotesque, sentimental*, &c., &c., pass through the mail. It is a day of great profit to *Uncle Sam*, and we have no doubt he would be glad to see it come oftener than "once a-year."

So we see that February is something of a month after all, and is not to be passed over because she is little.

Athens, Ga.

Oh! how many ties there are to bind the soul to earth. When the strongest are cut asunder, and the spirit feels cast loose from every bond which connects it with mortality, how imperceptibly does one little tendril after another become entwined about it, and draw it back with gentle power.

"Dear me, how fluidly he does talk," said Mrs. Partington, at a Temperance lecture. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms me in every nerve and cartridge of my body—verdigrisease itself couldn't be more smooth than his blessed tongue." She wiped her spectacles again.

"MISTLETOE BOUGHS."

AN ELOQUENT INDIAN.—"The young Indian chief of the Ojebwa tribe, Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, delivered several temperance addresses in Philadelphia and Washington, during the session of the National Divisions in 1847. We well remember the speech containing the beautiful metaphor below. We never listened to a more interesting address; it was spoken in a clear, mellow voice, accompanied by pleasing and exceedingly appropriate gestures. His style is divested of that studied eloquence which characterizes many of our own speakers. His is the eloquence of the soul. Here is the extract:

"Intemperance is a foul nest, whence originates every wicked thing. How many a young man is killed! How many bright hopes are blighted! How many from high positions, are led down, and down, until they finally perish in gloom. While on the shores of Lake Superior, having engaged two men to carry me a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, our provisions gave out and I told them I would go into the woods and shoot something. I went and looking around, I saw, on the highest limb of one of the oldest and tallest trees, an eagle with his wings expanded, as though in the act of taking a flight more heavenward. But in a moment I saw a proud bird fall, simultaneously with what sounded to me like the vibration of a bowstring. I advanced to where I heard the rustling of the green leaves, and there I beheld that eagle thrust through with the arrow, (which the Indian hunter had directed,) fluttering in agony! It rose in its dying efforts, flapped its wings, glanced upward, and died! And have we not often seen the youth, the young man, who sat on the highest branch of the tree of attainment, who could look, mentally, far beyond the vision of the eagle, and to a brighter world beyond the stars—at a moment when no dark, threatening cloud seemed to obscure his prospect, fall, pierced by the dart of intemperance, to rise no more! [Great

and prolonged applause, in which the ladies joined.]

SWEET HOME.—The love of home—the charms of our native dwelling—the endearments they possess when present, and the beauty and dignity shed over their remembrance whilst absent—these are feelings which can steal into all breasts without speech or language:—

" 'Tis nature's voice, and understood,
Alike by all mankind."

As the poor Tyrolese ventures from his rocky nest, he already feels at every step the lengthening chain; and if by chance, in the melting of his soul, the strains of the *Ranz de Vaches* should meet his ear, the flood of feeling becomes irresistible, and the poor wanderer has nothing left but to seek hastily the air and soil of home, or to die. It is not the splendor, the conveniences, or the comforts of home, that give it the title of "*sweet, sweet home!*" Take it in its simplicity and deprivations and you have not stepped from its endearing charms.

TRUTH.—Truth needs the wisdom of the serpent as well as the simplicity of the dove.—He has gone but a little way in this matter who supposes that it is an easy thing for a man to speak the truth, 'the thing he troweth,' and that it is a casual function which may be fulfilled at once, after any lapse of exercise.—But in the first place, the man who would speak truth must *know* what he troweth. To do that he must have an uncorrupted judgment. By this is not meant a perfect judgment, or even a wise one; but one which, however it may be biassed, is not bought—is still a judgment. But some people's judgments are so entirely gained over by vanity, selfishness, or passion, or inflated prejudices and fancies long indulged in; or they have the habit of looking at everything so carelessly, that they see nothing truly. They cannot interpret the world of reality. And this is the saddest form of lying 'the lie that sinketh in,' as Bacon

says, which becomes part of the character, and goes on eating the rest away.

A GEM.—In a letter written in 1838, Lamartine thus beautifully and religiously explains his motives for entering political life :

When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our conscience at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness will not be an excuse for inaction.—It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing we could do nothing, we were nothing but as a grain of sand. He will say to us, I placed before you, in your day, the scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed : in the one was good, and the other evil. You were but a grain of sand, no doubt, but who told you that that grain of sand, would not have caused the balance to incline on my side ? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other ; you did neither. Let the wind drift it away ; it has not been of any use to you or to your brethren.

SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING.—Commend to us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "she works for a living," in her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman—a real lady. True, we are not prepared to see a mincing step, a haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and young men, the new novels and the next parties ; no, no ! but we are prepared to hear sound words of good sense, language becoming women, and to see a neat dress, a mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

You who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy, haughty girls, and select one from any of those who work for a living ; our word for it, you will not repent your choice. You want a substantial friend, and not a doll ; a help-mate and not a help-eat ; a counsellor, and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a friend into your house, but you can purchase a spinning wheel or a sett of knitting needles. If you cannot purchase any new novel, you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you

cannot buy a ticket to the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor. Be careful, then, when you look for companions, and whom you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing the industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable walks, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame ?

The time was, when ladies who went a visiting took their work with them. This is the reason why we have such excellent mothers.—How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle darning her father's stockings, or carding wool to spin ? Would not her companions laugh at her ? And yet, such a woman would be a prize for somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses his wife from the despised girls "who work for a living."

"SPEAKING OF GUNS."—Of all the torments not physical there is none more tormenting than to have a good story to tell and no opportunity to tell it. "There is no knowing" how the inveterate story-teller feels under such circumstances, and to what desperate extremities he may be driven to relieve himself of his burthen. The Dunstable Telegraph has a good anecdote on this subject—"Riding the other day," says the Editor, "in a stage coach, it had become nearly night, and our day's ride was nearly at an end, when suddenly a fellow passenger roused himself. 'There,' said he, 'I have rode all day *without seeing anything to put me in mind of an anecdote I once heard,*' and then followed an old affair which we had heard an hundred times, and which, he no doubt, had repeated as many thousand."

FONTENELLE'S GALLANTRY.—At the age of 97, Fontenelle, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her to his place at Table—

'See,' said Madame Helvetius, 'how I ought to value your gallantries ! you pass before me without looking at me.'

'Madame,' said the old man, "if I looked at you, I could not have passed."



Written for the Mistletoe.

“HALF SEAS OVER.”

BY BRO. CHARLES SOUTHMAN.

THE 'Squire he sits at the social board,
And pours the wine, and tips the gourd,
As free's a pig in clover;
He brims his glass, and brims again
And smokes and puffs, and puffs amain,
Until the night begins to wane,
And then—he's "half seas over!"

As water sets in play the mill,
So liquor plays his tongue—until,
Like Jacques Crapeau in Dover,
He lingo talks of forty lands,
And swears he's been on all their strands—
But yet he's been—so know all hands—
No more than—"half seas over!"
Athens, Georgia.

He leans him back within his chair
And drowns himself in drowning care,
Just like some moody lover;
And seeing double thinks he sees
His bottles grow by twos and threes
And Bacchus' sprites about his knees,
In endless myriads hover.

The 'Squire he is of Rome's belief
A Popish man—or, to be brief,
Of saints a mighty lover;
But ah! I fear that when he dies,
Instead of mounting 'yond the skies
His soul in Purgatory lies—
A ghostly "half seas over."

THE HEART.—The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the grief; pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has seen but little charity; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary, and the threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; even hope, that remains longest, gone; I would fain leave the erring souls of my fellow men with Him from whom they came.—*Longfellow.*

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

It was night, and a time of feasting in Chaldeæ's proud capital. The king was there, with his lords and official authorities. He preferred to honor that banquet with his presence, and sat in all the pomp and pride of power, glorying in his rank and wealth. The fashion, the beauty, the chivalry of the realm were assembled. The royal palace sparkled with life, and its brilliantly illuminated walls echoed back the loud peals of laughter and music. It was an exciting scene—the glistening lights—the sparkling wine-cups—the merry song were calculated to dispel every obtrusive thought and cause every countenance to glow, every eye to kindle, and every heart to thrill with the most intense excitement. The king is surrounded by a crowd of sycophants—he is caressed and applauded, until he fancies himself a hero—*almost a god with the multitude*. Intoxicated by wine and flattery, a dark sacrilegious crime enters his heart. He orders the holy temple of God to be invaded, and the golden vessels of the sanctuary to be taken from their quiet resting places.

There is no appearance of sadness or gloom as yet; for his palace halls are still resounding with the heavy peals of the applauding crowd. The consecrated cups are brought, "and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines drank in them." And now, in sportive glee, they "praise the gods of gold and silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone." But, in a moment, the bright scene is changed—the crest of kingly pride is fallen—the joyous laugh is hushed and still—paleness sits upon every brow, and the multitude stand aghast, as though a thunder-bolt had fallen from the clouds and was about to do the cruel work of destiny. They gaze in mute astonishment on the mysterious hand, now writing strange things on that palace wall! They read, "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin." These are ominous words; and the thoughts of Belshazzar greatly trouble him, "so that the joints of his loins are loosed, and his knees smite one against another." He gazes, in the wild and

fearful apprehension, upon the pictures of guilt and the images of terror as they pass in rapid review before him. Not all the charms of music, nor the eloquence of domestic love, can dissipate the gloom which hangs, like a cloud of fearfulness, over his saddened and subdued spirit. His darkest apprehensions are realized, as the Hebrew interpreter solves the strange mystery. His princely possessions are to fall from his hand—his kingdom is to be divided and given to others, and he is to exchange the gay banquet for his Maker's bar, a trial and a sentence! Who that witnessed that scene of revelry—the king in his glory, wielding the sceptre of power, could have anticipated a contrast, so sad and sudden, in the history of that proud monarch of the East? But he stands not alone, on the records of crime, as an illustration of the truth—that daring impiety shall not go unpunished. When another king led forth his hosts, and harnessed his horses to pursue a fugitive and defenceless people, who that saw their proud array, as they passed up out of the land of Egypt, would have believed that a few days would seal their fate, and of all this gallant host, not a single individual would ever return to the land he had left? When Sannacherib brought his army, like locusts, against Judah, and encamped before the Holy City, who that was not inspired with a faith from above, would, for a moment, have indulged the belief that, in a few hours, this immense mass of living and moving beings would be pale and still as the tents that covered them?

The path of transgression is ever fraught with danger, and he who pursues it, is treading upon a land of earthquakes. Like Belshazzar, he may reach the heights of station, and triumph upon a pinnacle of fame—he may sparkle with the crowns and jewels of earth, yet, sooner or later, he must reel from his giddy height into the vale below. Neither genius, talent, or eloquence, can counteract the gravitating forces of depravity, or shield him from the lightnings of retributive justice. We have seen one who blazed with the splendor of

intellect, who could wake the slumbering energies of a nation by the power of his oratory, and grasp, with ease, the most difficult and complicated subjects; yet, with all his intellectual acumen, he could no where discover the traces of the Divine hand. The stars looked out from their distant homes upon him, as if to rebuke his folly—the earth, with its garniture of flowers—the air, *every* element seemed to be at war with him, as the very madman of the universe. Would you know who this strange being was, who could look abroad, with admiring gaze, upon the works of nature, and behold everywhere the evidences of *design*, and yet deny the existence of a *Designer*?—Would you know what he had done that he reeled under a ten-fold weight of judgment? His name was Atheist. He had wilfully closed his heart to the entrance of that truth which giveth light. He had added insult to insult to the Divinity above, and given the reins to the appetites of his nature, until the heaviest curses were ready to break upon his soul. I saw him, the astonishment and wonder of every intelligence that has power to look upon the heart of man. He was so infatuated, that while his poor soul staggered under the fierce and withering sirocco of that spirit which rioted in his bosom, he fondly dreamed that he was free—that he had broken away from the slavish fetters of education, and dashed from him the bigotry of olden times. But mark! a hand writing was out against him, and, like Belshazzar, he trembled—he was petulant and uneasy, almost in a rage with his treacherous atheism. I saw him leap, like lightning, from the eminence to which his talent and genius had carried him; and at his bedside I stood, when disease, despair and death, were darkly struggling together, and heard him sound the Julian cry, “O, Gallilean, thou hast conquered me!” His coffin has his clay, and it mingles with dust. A simple stone points to his ashes, a grassy hillock covers a few bones and muscles, and his name is rapidly fading from the memory of man.

I have in my eye, another form of Belshazzar’s folly. He was one who could charm by the power of song, whose eye kindled with the fire of inspiration as the poetic strain flowed in graceful numbers from his lips; yet, with all

the brilliancy of his imagination, he was a careless devotee of earth—he worshipped in her temple, knelt at her shrine, and was ambitious of her laurels and crowns. Hence, from day to day, you might spy him in her dust and haze, racing for her phantoms, perfectly frenzied in the pursuit of her music and dance.—True, at times, he would pause to breathe—true, ever and anon, conscience would set his sins in order before him, and cause him to tremble with fearful apprehensions—true, once and again, the grave would open before him and bury a comrade in crime within its narrow enclosure, or disease would smite him as its victim. Still, the effect was only momentary; and away he would hurry to the hall of mirth or to the scene of revelry, and drown his convictions amid its laughter and music. Time passed, and the world had not been blessed by the efforts of his genius, tho’ he was the hero of song and had revelled amid the creations of his own fancy. No house of penury had he visited—human grief had he assuaged—no star had he hung over the path to immortality. He had perverted his talent, and earth was the theatre of all his displays—the “ultimatum” of all his hopes—the scene of all solitudes. But he, like another Belshazzar, was destined to see a hand writing out against him. It sent him, shivering with apprehension, from the gay banquet of flesh and sense. His eye soon ceased to kindle with inspiration, and his mind to glow with imagery. The fountain of imagination was frozen up—the sparkling stream of poetry ceased to flow, and the voice of song forever hushed. He was now in deep trouble, battling with the heavy waves of affliction. His companions gathered around him and strove to comfort him by referring to his poetry and genius—they handed him the world, with its wreath of honor—its gay panorama of music and mirth. But he frowned upon all, and turned away in disgust, as though it were a sickening mockery of his agony.

I was invited to visit him—he turned upon me a look of unearthly expression, as though he would say, “Pray for me.” I knelt and prayed, and while I prayed he died. But, methought I could spy the tear still glistening on his pathway, which had dropped from the eye, wet for the sins of his soul.

Written for the Mistletoe.

THE MISTLETOE-HEART.

BY BRO. C. L. WHEELER.

Upon the Southern hills away
 I've mark'd a towering oak
 Whose giant arms have palsied been
 By th' light'ning's fiery stroke.
 Its cups it rears no more, elate,
 To catch the pearly rain;
 Yet from its seried heart still springs
 The mistletoe amain.
Athens, Ga.

Emblem meet is that blasted oak
 Of th' poet's aching heart
 Whose brightest dreams were wither'd
 By Slander's practised dart.
 Its ruby fount shoots up no more,
 Life's dearer flowers to ope,
 Yet round its branches clings
 The mistletoe of Hope.



EDITORS' TABLE.

TEMPERANCE CALCULATION.—"Suppose a man at the age of *twenty-one* commences drinking *six cents* worth of ardent spirits a day, and continues the practice until he is *sixty-one*, how much, with the interest, will the whole amount to?" Do men when they commence a life of dissipation, ever think how much it will cost them? Surely not, or they would pause and reflect long, ere they brought themselves under the influence of ardent spirits. The answer to the above question is startling, but true, according to figures. Moderate drinker, make the calculation for yourself, and see if we are wrong. The amount would be *three thousand, five hundred and twenty-nine dollars, and thirty-six cents*. Surely, men will not long continue to follow a practice, which takes so much out of their pockets, and yields them so poor a compensation.

But let us consider, that the above calculation presumes a man to spend only *six cents* per day. It is the nature of spirits to demand increasing

quantities to satisfy the craving it originates.—Some men who drink forty years, and fill *drunkard's graves*, spend more than *ten times* the amount above mentioned.

For their money thus squandered, men get no return, save a momentary gratification of a horrid thirst. They lose, in addition to their money, their reputation, health and friends; and after lingering through a short life of misery go to meet the drunkard's reward in the world to come.

God has written their doom, and how awful, when we consider how many there are, who meet it. Men, the noblest work of God's hand, to degrade himself to a level with the meanest brute on earth, and finally be disinherited in Heaven. [I Cor. vi: 10]

It has been estimated that no less than *thirty thousand* victims of Intemperance die annually. As these thousands die off, others are preparing to fill their places, and thus, year after year, men of all classes and grades of mind, are stepping off

the stage of action, victims to this awful curse. But this is not all—these men entail disease, wretchedness and poverty upon their families—and curse their children in death, leaving nothing but their example.

Now, friends, ye who will not come up and help us in the great reformation, think how much you might do, to save erring man. Think of his gratitude to you, the smiles of his family—and at last your reward in Heaven. Ye men who call yourselves servants of the living God, will you not come and help us “Prepare the way of the Lord?” If you do not, remember, your skirts will not be clear in the coming day.

A PLAIN TALK.—We wish to say a few words to those who refuse to join the Sons of Temperance or any other Temperance Association, because, as they say, it will do no good. Many sensible men tell us they are friendly to the cause of Temperance, they wish to see the “Sons” prosper, but they had rather not join, as they are already temperate. Let us admit the truth of their assertion. They may be perfectly safe themselves, but is it not their duty to endeavor to save others? Every man has an influence, and that influence *must* be exerted either for or against the Temperance cause. If he remains careless and inactive, it is evident which way it is exerted.

If England or any other great nation was to wage war with the United States, and it was necessary for every man to do something to repel the foe, would not every true patriot feel it his duty to take up arms in defence of his country's rights? Most assuredly! Alcohol is a foe who has long, long been in our midst, dealing death and desolation on every hapd. He is yearly carrying off his thousands from all positions in life; from the pulpit, the judicial bench, the Congressional and Legislative Halls, the bar, and every other department of business; none are secure from his ravages. All good men acknowledge him to be an enemy, and one who should be put down. Unfortunately, some of our fellow-citizens are his slaves, who do his bidding at the ex-

pense of health, family, friends and fortune. To repel this foe, who is doing so much damage in our midst, the services of every friend of his country, are not only needed, *but required*, and yet, men around us *refuse to do* THEIR DUTY, in taking up arms against the monster.

This is plain language, but is nevertheless true. Every day the influence of these *stumbling blocks* are felt by Temperance men. Many a poor besotted drunkard would become a sober man, but for some moderate drinker or *temperate* (!) man, who sets him a bad example. How long shall these things be? Let every man, who calls himself Temperate and moral, take a decided stand in favor of the good cause, and our word for it, the influence will be felt to the centre of Prince Alcohol's Kingdom.

Those subscribers to the Mistletoe who have not yet sent up their *dollars*, will please do so at an early day, as we must have advance payment in order to print the magazine at so low a price. Many have already made payment, and we feel obliged to them.

We have seen the prospectus of a new paper to be published in the city of Macon, if the patronage warrant, under the editorial care of Messrs. E. H. MYERS, W. H. ELLISON, J. R. THOMAS and GEORGE H. HANCOCK, and entitled the “The Crusader.” It is to be devoted to Religion, Education and Temperance. This promises to be a valuable publication, having so much talent in the Editorial department. These gentleman are well known to the public, and should receive a large support to their paper.

Our acknowledgements are due to many of the brethren of the press, for their flattering notices of our enterprise—we copy some of them on our cover.

We have received the February number of *Graham's Magazine*, which is quite the handsomest publication in America. Had we space it should have a more extended notice. It is published by S. D. Patterson & Co. Philadelphia.

1 New Hat Speller





Jos. Henry Lumpkin